

THE BYBROOK

Saturday, January 6, 1866.



"They formed a pretty idyllic group."—p. 214.

THE BYBROOK POWDER-MILLS.

BY WALTER THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "HAUNTED LONDON," ETC.

MR. JOHN HAWKINS, senior partner of the firm of Hawkins, Moore, and Benson, and Mr. Jabez Williams, commercial traveller for the house of Eley and Co., rifle-cartridge makers,

Gray's Inn Road, were proving powder in a small metal-lined shed, in a meadow on the extreme verge of the Bybrook Mill property, built expressly for that purpose.

The two men, with all the thoughtful care of French cooks, first poured two spoonfuls of fresh-dried and newly-glazed powder upon a sheet of white letter-paper, and rubbed them to and fro, till the charcoal in the powder had blackened the paper as much as it could do.

The powder was well mixed: it left but a slight smear, and the grains remained of a reddish-blue colour.

"Good!" said Mr. Williams. "Now, then, we'll try the squeezing."

The smart, acute commercial man, with the glossy, bushy whiskers, then took a handful of powder, and pinched and squeezed it as if it had been snuff, flour, or arrowroot. He knew well (no one in the trade better) that, if the grains broke into dust too easily, there was too much charcoal in them; and that if some grains felt flinty, the sulphur and nitre were not well amalgamated. Mr. Williams smiled knowingly when he thrust his hand into the bag of powder that lay on the table, and the dry, equal grains slipped nimbly out of his hand.

"Good, again!" said the traveller, and smiled blandly at Mr. Hawkins, who also smiled triumphantly. "Now for the fire-proof. I prefer that, for my own part, to the *eprouvette*, ten times over."

As Mr. Hawkins opened the door of the dim, ill-lit shed, a flood of pure sunshine and a scent of meadow flowers broke in pleasantly upon the pair, as if Death took no interest in powder-mills, and powder was only used for birthday crackers.

Mr. Hawkins thrust his head fiercely out of the door, and shouted, with stentorian voice, one alarming word, and that word was, "FIRE!"

"Coming, sir," instantly cried a hearty voice from the willow plantation behind the nearest hedge; and in a moment a handsome, stalwart young fellow leaped over the ditch, and came running up with a red-hot piece of charcoal, held between a pair of stout pincers.

Mr. Hawkins took the tongs, returned into the shed, and shut the door, having first placed outside a bag and a tin of powder, from which he had taken the samples for his experiments.

"That seems a likely young fellow," said the quick-eyed traveller. "I like a willing man. I often find that old workmen get immovable and sullen."

"Yes; he is a very nice, smart fellow. He is just going to be married. We're thinking of making him a sort of assistant to the foreman, who is very steady, but is bad-tempered with the men."

Mr. Williams now poured out four little heaps of powder on a sheet of white paper, each heap being three inches asunder. He touched the first heap with the charcoal; it passed away in a puff of circular white smoke. It did not fire the other heaps, nor did it leave black stains or grease.

"Why, Jones and Basset's can't hold a candle to this; and as to Government powder, this is worth £5 more the hundredweight. It's first class, Mr. Hawkins, and so I tell ye."

Mr. Williams next proceeded to sprinkle two or three corns of powder on clean paper, an inch distant from one another. On touching one with fire, they all passed away together in white smoke, leaving no burn or mark.

"Good, good! very good!" exclaimed the traveller from Gray's Inn Road.

"Now for the *eprouvette*, Mr. Williams, and then we can go to business," said Mr. Hawkins, carefully locking up the tin and bag in an iron safe, and padlocking the shed door behind them.

It was a model day. The *eprouvette*, or powder-prover (a sort of upright mortar), was put out in the meadow, in the sunshine, close to a clump of glossy, golden buttercups, round which two little fairy butterflies, of a turquoise-blue colour, were then hovering. On the hedge near, the pearly wild dog-roses were spreading the odours of Paradise.

"FIRE!" shouted the senior partner, louder and fiercer than before—for Mr. Williams's possible order involved some thousands of pounds sterling; and up dashed Carter again, with a long, red-hot stick of charcoal laid on a tile. In a moment, the *eprouvette* was loaded with two drachms of the best powder, and fired. The instant it exploded, the young man ran to the prover, and looked at the gauge. Then he shouted—

"Raised three and a half inches and a fraction over, sir."

"That'll do," said the senior partner; "you may take the powder away, Carter."

"A 1, and no two words about it," said the traveller; "the best battle-powder out. We'll go now, and have a chat over our lunch."

"I wonder where that self-willed fellow, Green, is. I told him to be sure to be here by twelve. These men will have their own way. They're as jealous of each other as so many pet dogs. He hates Carter just because I talk of raising his wages. People say the two men are in love with the same girl, and she prefers the former."

The path to the main road, near which Mr. Hawkins lived, lay through a willow wood, and by the mills. It was a singular change, to leave the meadow, where the flowering grass was rolling in glossy purple and brown waves, and dive into coppices of willow, and plantations of sapling alder and dogwood, whose light green leaves trembled in every wind.

Through the middle of the woods, where the undergrowth of hemlock, bramble, and orchis was rank and thick, there ran a small canal, leading from the brook to the mill, the waters of which canal were black and sluggish. The brook itself rambled careless and murmuring, as a half-

sleeping child, through open grass fields and bright green pasture meadows; but the banks of the melancholy-looking canal were trodden black with charcoal-dust, and terminated in large, sullen-looking pools, half choked with rushes. As for the mill buildings, with the huge water-wheels and the sooty sheds known as the "corning," "glazing," and "drying" houses, they stood in an open clearing in the centre of the willow copse, looking for all the world like a cluster of Canadian shanties in a new settlement.

As the two men of business passed the door of the "corning-house," they saw a dogged, sour-looking, middle-aged man, in black, begrimed working-clothes, standing sullenly at the door. His back was turned towards them, and by the growling tone of his voice they could hear that he was scolding and threatening some workman.

"Mr. Green!" cried the manufacturer, sharply.

The foreman turned and came towards them, bowing, but with a dogged and untoward manner that it seemed nothing could mollify.

"Mr. Green," said Hawkins, "I told you to meet me at twelve at the proving-shed. It is now a quarter to one."

"Not forgot it, sir; but two of the sieves in the corning-house wanted new parchments, and I could not trust those rascally boys to fit them on. You must really speak to those boys, sir; they're more impudent and idle, I believe really, than even the worst of the men."

"Why I thought that last boy we had from the Ewell School was such a good, hardworking boy. I'm sure Mr. Glyn's curate gave him the highest character."

"He is of no account; he'll soon be as bad as the rest; they all get tarred with the same brush. For my own part, I wonder we don't get blown to shivers once a month. I caught that fellow Carter in the stove-house, last week, with his shoes on."

"Now, Green, I won't listen to anything about that young man. You don't like him; and you know you're rivals. But remember what I told you. This day three weeks I make him manager of the grinding-mill. He understands that well, and it will give you more time to attend to the barrelling. There, no words about it; remember, *it's my will*. And let me, as your employer, give you one word of well-meant advice. Take more care to control your temper, or some day it will lead you to certain ruin. Few masters would have borne with you as long as I have. I will not be disobeyed. I told you three times on Saturday to meet me at the proving-shed to-day at twelve, and you choose to show your power by trumping up an excuse."

"I am quite ready now, Mr. Hawkins," said the tamed foreman, who saw too clearly that his master was seriously angry.

"I and Carter, thank you, Mr. Green, have done

the proving, some time ago. You may return to your work. Good morning. Don't be too harsh with the boys: it breaks their spirits and makes them sly and false."

As Mr. Hawkins delivered this "set down," he turned his back, and, taking his companion's arm, walked rapidly in the direction of his own house.

The boys in the mill had heard all the rebuke from behind the mill door, and were chuckling over their tyrant's mortification.

"My eye, Jim!" said one boy to the other, as he wiped his sooty mouth with his equally black arm, "whar a jacketen' old Green's getting from the guv'nor; why, he'll be as sulky all day with us as a bear with a sore head."

"Oh, crikey, Bill!" said his sable friend, "isn't the guv'nor on the high ropes neither. Why he's giving it him up hill and down dale. Yah! Shouldn't I like to give him a one, two between the eyes. Hurry up with that last batch of charcoal, and into the mill with it, before Old Brimstone is down on us again. Why he's off to the glazing-house. Come, I'll toss you for a pot. Sudden death. Now, then, man or woman? Sudden death, mind."

The boys were quite right. The foreman had turned his back on them, and was striking off by a side path, through the willow copse, to the glazing-mill, a building some hundred yards off, close to a large pond, and hidden by thick trees from the drying-house.

As Green turned into the wood path a great yellow-winged butterfly, faint with the fierce heat of a summer noon, hovered down before him, and alighted on the broad, flat head of a bunch of elderflower, on which a slant ray of sun was glancing. The angry foreman struck the poor insect to the ground, flower and all, with a dash of his wide-awake, and trod it to dust, as it lay quivering at his feet.

"All I wish is, that that beast, Carter," he muttered, "was under my foot like that, for I'd serve him the same way, only harder. Aha! I should like this very moment to see lightning strike the mill and blow us all to pound pieces, if that Carter only went up with me. I've tried every way to root him out with the governor; but now he suspects me there's no chance. Never mind; let him look to it. I'll be even with him yet, though there were forty governors. I'll be even with him, never fear, still, for I hate him like death."

When this amiable man reached the door of the glazing-mill, he pushed it open angrily (for he had the customary felt slippers on and might enter) and looked in. The mill was in full work, the half-full powder-casks revolving with the water-wheel, in order to harden and polish the grains of powder sufficiently to, in some degree, preserve

them from injury by damp. There were two men, black as colliers, superintending the work.

"Where's Carter, Lawford?" said Green, angrily.

"He's out yonder, trying for a pike in the big pool."

"Trying for pike! Is he gone stark mad at last, then?"

"No, sir; but the governor wanted him for some proving, to show a commercial gent, one of Eley's people, and as he lost his dinner-hour then, he's taking it now."

"Yes," growled Green, "and leaves the mill to let it be worked at twice the proper speed. Slacken the wheel, you men, there, or we shall have the powder half dust; d'ye hear there, slacken the wheel, or I'll discharge you next pay-day."

Making his way stealthily through the willows, Green proceeded on his search for poor, honest Carter. When, at last, he did see him by the pool-side, he hid behind a large pollard willow, and stood there, like an Indian spy, to watch him.

There Carter sat on the bank, close to some flowering flags, intent on fishing. Beside him sat his betrothed, Lucy Trevor, an innocent, good tempered-looking young girl, very neatly and unaffectedly dressed. She sat there, with one hand on her lover's shoulder, the other holding her brother, a fine little boy, of about four years old, who was making a daisy-chain, one end of which he had already fastened to the tail of a fine jack that lay half covered over with grass, not far from the fisherman. They formed a pretty idyllic group, and as the bells of a village church, a mile away across the meadows, rang out a wedding peal, the sounds of which alternately rose and fell upon the wind, the aerial music seemed almost prophetic, and some such thought was visible in the lovers' eyes.

John Carter turned as the foreman pushed through the willow-branches, and came up to where he sat.

"Hallo! skulking again. So this is the way you take care of the glazing-mill, is it, Carter? sweethearts about, and doing a little poaching to fill up odd time?"

Carter sprang to his feet impetuously, for he had a high spirit, and he did not like Green's overbearing manner. Lucy rose, too, and seized her lover's arm, a little frightened and vexed, while the boy ran towards her, and holding her gown, began to cry, he did not know why.

"I'm no skulker nor yet poacher, Mr. Green," said Carter, stepping forward; "and that you know as well as I do. I am only taking my dinner-hour: it was your delay threw us out of gear; and as for poaching, I've leave of Mr. Hawkins, and that you know, too. As for Lucy being here, that is no business of yours; so mind that. I met her by chance, as Lucy will tell you."

"Yes, indeed; I met John by mere chance. I only brought Master George here to pick flowers."

"I know your ways," said Green, bitterly; "you know where to meet young men. Did not you jilt that young carpenter, long before you knew Carter? You drove him to Australia; and then—"

Before the spiteful foreman had time to say more, the clenched fist of the young workman had struck him backward into the copse.

"If you want to fight, fight," said Carter; "but I'd not hear Mr. Hawkins himself breathe a word against Lucy."

"Oh, pray don't fight, dear John," said Lucy, in a low voice, as she threw her arms round her lover's neck.

"Trust me, Lucy, there's nothing I hate more than these rows; and as for fighting, I not only object to it from principle, but should be sorry to have to demean myself to such brutal work. No, Lucy; I feel ashamed at my own thoughtlessness, and I am thankful to you for recalling me to myself. I am sorry I struck you, Mr. Green."

Green made no reply; he had risen, and was sitting on the bank. At last he rose, with a scowl on his pale face.

"That blow's soon given, John Carter," he growled between his teeth, "and soon healed; but I'll make you remember it for many a day. You shall never be assistant foreman in these mills. You're a low bully. Mr. Hawkins shall hear of this, my man. I'll summons you; I'll pull you for this assault; mind that. And that won't be all. You've been asked in church once with that jilt of a girl there. You see, my fine fellow, if you ever have her for wife. I know how to set her father against it. Oh, I'll be even with you, John Carter, though you can hit harder."

So saying, the amiable man walked off into the woods, in the direction of his own cottage.

"If my hands were to rot off," he thought to himself, and half muttered; "if I could give half my lungs, or a foot, or ten years of life, I'd give it this moment, if I knew how to remove this wretch—remove him, I mean, without harm to myself. And yet I hate him so at this moment, that if I could get a safe, killing blow at him, I'd take it, now, though I had to be tried for it to-morrow. Let me see."

And down he sat, in a disused store shed, to plan his revenge. Long, long ago, the good angel that stays the rash foot and the cruel hand, had left him; and now, in the black, shapeless shadow that dogged every step he took, lurked, and watched, and gibbered, and pointed, demon prompters that lured him on towards fathomless abysses of sin and unutterable wickedness.

(To be concluded in our next.)



CHILDESINDE.—AN IDYL.*

I.

HEARD a poet, in plaintive rhymes,
Sigh out, "Ay, me, for those olden times,
Whose memories ring like golden chimes,
And sough like zephyr from balmy climes,
When southern horns are breathing;
And glow like purpling gold of the west,
When Eve is drest in her sunset best;
And her azure vest is purple-frayed,
And stars, in clustered pomp arrayed,
Her moon-tipt brow are wreathing."

No more, no more, thou poet of dreams;
Earth's history throbs with sterner themes,
And the fancy-fondled purple gleams
Are gory patches and clotted seams
On spangled pomps and pageants:
And the dais which Retrospection climbs
Shows blurs and grimes of a thousand crimes;
When a royal heart was a fetid fount,
And the fell Arch-fiend could proudly count
His million minion agents.

II.

Out of the ocean, over the hills,
Gilding the rivers, and lakes, and rills,
And the moving sails of the early mills,
The Sun his sky is climbing.
Over the great red bars of cloud,
And over the winds that, roaring loud,
Rejoice to behold the forest bowed,
And to hear the coast-bell, billow-cowed,
Toll out its hollow chiming.

The sun's first rays like a glory pass
Over the rippling meadow grass,
And skim the lips of the peasant lass,
As 'gainst the wind she's tripping
To her cottage home, whose chimney smoke,
Upward curling through thick-branched
oak,
Is wind-whiffed into the maiden's cloak,
That opens with her skipping.

And what is her haste? In the town to-day

* From a passage in ancient Belgic history.

The king will pass through the chief highway,
In all the pomp of kingly array ;
And knights in knightly splendour
Shall staidly walk their steeds of war,
And guard the king behind and before ;
And the queen will ride in her queenly car,
And nod to the people's welcoming roar ;
And noble ladies from near and far
Bedight with feather, and lace, and star,
Shall gather to attend her.
And the country girl is athirst to behold
The royal and lordly purple and gold,
And the queen !—she hungers to see the queen,
All lovely in face, and regal in mien,
And 'fore her grace to bend her.

III.

The town is filled with a royal crowd,
And the silver horns sound near and loud,
And the banners are 'neath the strong wind
bowed,
And the sonorous drums are beating.
But above the sound of trump and drum,
Ariseth the shout, "They come, they come!"
And the king he nods as he passeth on,
And the queen, with her long, cold smile is gone
To meet a further greeting.

The king's fair daughter there doth ride,
All blushing, close to her mother's side;
All blushing, as, seeming a morrow's bride,
For the morrow brings her wedding-tide—

A queendom, wealth, and power.
How golden her locks ! and the flash of her eyes,
Bright and profound as the blue of the skies,
Tells of the joy in her heart that lies.
And the village lass ! she gazes and sighs
That her poor little self has no crown for a prize—
That four little mud-walls her realm must bound
(Oh, beautiful life, so quiet-encrowned !)
With a man's true love, and a plain gold round,
Her life-long portion and dower

IV.

Another day to the world is born,
Frighting from heaven the crescent lorn ;
And the pale stars flee from the glowing morn,
And the wolf skulks low at the sound of horn,
And the south of her silver fleece is shorn,
And the east is bathed in amber ;
And the clarions ring from the royal tow'r
To hail the approach of the bridal hour ;
Startling the queen within her bow'r,
The bride within her chamber.

The bride she must deck her with jewels and gold,
And broid'ry and silk her form must enfold ;
So she speeds to the jewel chest, heavy and cold,
And lifting the iron lid massive of mould,

Her head within is bended.
The queen darts in like a rushing wind,
And the golden head is at once impinned
By the down-forced lid with the gold of Ind ;
And all that is left of CHILDESINDE
Is a corpse with eyes distended.

BONAVIA.

A WORD UPON ONE'S OWN SELF.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

KLAST summer-time, at the sea-side, I was told an amusing speech of a little fellow who had been sitting by my side at tea. The abbreviate of his name was "Bo," and Master Bo struck me as a very independent sort of that peculiar genus—a British boy. The lady at the head of the table had asked him, a day or so before, with the utmost suavity, which he liked best, his little brother or his little sister. He took no time for consideration, but came down at once with the emphatic answer—"Bo likes his own self!" I could not help thinking that Bo was not unlike humanity in general, only that his ready avowal of self-preference embodied more honesty than is to be commonly found in children of a larger growth. Since then I have been pondering a little on the subject embodied in these very expressive words, *one's own self*. In a volume on one of my

shelves, called "Dreamthorp," containing some exquisite essays by Alexander Smith, there is a most interesting one upon "The Importance of a Man to Himself," and in it he remarks : "We cannot help thinking that all things exist for our particular selves. People talk of the age of the world; so far as I am concerned, it began with my consciousness and will end with my decease." True, indeed, it is that many are, for the most part, more occupied with that subject—"self," than all other considerations whatever. In one sense self-love is natural and necessary; in another, it is mean and sinful. There is a self-love which is of Divine ordination; there is another which is born of the Fall. The worship of self is embodied in the very first act of the sad tragedy of Eden. Sin is selfishness separating the soul from God, and aspiring to be its own God; and when a man is separate from God, the same selfishness soon separates him from his brother also. Many very marked specimens, however, of the worship of

one's own self exist around us. Some are as unutterably obnoxious, as they are vividly patent. One's own self sits in the railway car with the window down in December, whilst some pale, delicate girl coughs as though her very heart would come up. One's own self keeps a dangerous cur of a terrier for personal pleasure, which snaps at strangers in general, and tries its penetrating teeth on washerwomen and helpless children. One's own self sends a corrupt carcass to the market for human food, no matter who suffers, or sickens, or dies. One's own self dines at clubs, and smokes at cafés, and leaves home very cheerless and money-less indeed. One's own self goes in the summer to "Spa," and leaves the family at delightful Gravesend. One's own self does not get into much personal danger, preferring to "pull out the viper with another man's hand." One's own self likes home comforts, but can't insure his life—doesn't see the fun of making his widow a money-bait for some one else—thinking not at all of what a poverty-stricken household there would be if the head thereof were called away. One's own self wears costly jewellery, eats excellent dinners, is clad in newest fashions, and then leaves the neighbourhood without receipted bills. One's own self prefers charity dinners to charities, and, in an especial way, believes in prosperous people. Such "selves" there are, and some indeed far worse, who care not what shame, or debt, or sorrow, or misery, or wrong, they bring on others, provided their own dear selves are not affected by the evils thus pressing upon others. One's own self will even—with a callous heart and a seared conscience—let another die unpitied, wronged, and scorned, if the gratification of self has been secured. What matters it all then? The broken flower, once plucked, begins to fade, and may be cast on the bank of neglect to wither and to die.

One's own self is not, however, always covetous—if good can be done without costing self danger, or fatigue, or difficulty. Then one's own self can pay for army and police, and all that sort of thing, with the greatest promptitude; also for sewers rates, for "they keep one safe, you know." Whilst, on the other hand, where money *is* the point which self seeks above all others, the opposite traits appear. What do we want, sir, with new drains and more police? Why Muddletown always did drain into the river, and our fathers were healthy men enough, and aint we taxed up to our very eyes already? One's own self buttons his pocket, goes to the parish meeting, and votes against all alterations that—that were to be—sanitary, for the health of the town, or aesthetic, for the improvement of the neighbourhood. Certainly, selfishness lurks, more or less, in us all, but it is the glory of the Gospel of Jesus Christ that it is the only true conqueror of self. For me to live is, not self, but

Christ, said Paul; and most beautifully did his own life embody the sentiment. The Cross of the Redeemer, in drawing us near to God, so acts upon our nature as to make our will one again with the Father, so that we are able to say, "Not my will, but thine be done." At the same time, we are constrained, by that very Cross, to love our brethren. "If Christ laid down his life for us, we ought also to lay down our lives for the brethren. Forgetful of the native love of self, the Gospel has enabled men and women to do, and dare, and die, from the days of Polycarp until now! Mark how beautifully the motto has been embodied in human histories: "Ye are not your own." Many will remember Howard, the philanthropist, and Oberlin, the devoted missionary, in the Ban-de-la-Roche. Many will remember Mrs. Judson, the heroic wife of the devoted missionary, Adoniram Judson. When her health was failing, what an exquisite poem she wrote, embodying the very essence of unselfishness. They had left behind, in Burmah, three children, one only a babe three months old, and as it was hoped the bracing air of the Indian Ocean would revive the declining wife, the voyage was taken. She did feel better when she reached the Isle of France, although she soon after died. And feeling better herself, this noble-hearted, gentle, Christian woman, although she could not return to Burmah, wished her husband to do so, and complete his work. She wrote these lines to him, the last ever traced by her attenuated fingers—

" We part on this green islet, love,
Thou for the Eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
Oh! when to meet again?

" My heart is sad for thee, love,
For lone thy way will be;
And oft thy tears will fall, love,
For thy children and for me.

" The music of thy daughter's voice
Thou'l miss for many a year;
And the merry shout of thine elder boys
Thou'l list in vain to hear.

" When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last faint moan,
Each wiped the tear from other's eye—
Now each must weep alone

" My tears fall fast for thee, love—
How can I say, Farewell?
But go; thy God be with thee, love,
Thy heart's deep grief to quell."

This extract is incomplete; much more remains—but that is quite sufficient to picture forth the opposite of *one's own self*.

"One's own self" is often indeed found to sneer at missionary efforts, both home and foreign, and reads, with evident gusto, all newspaper articles beginning, "Failure of another Missionary Enterprise."

Thankful, indeed, we ought to be that, influenced by Christian motives, so many at the present day are *not* living to themselves. They are teaching in close ragged-schools, visiting in fever hospitals (see City Mission Report), and crossing the ocean in the *John Williams* to preach to the once-degraded South Sea Islanders the Gospel of the grace of God.

One's own self is oftener the motto of men than women. There is far less of selfishness in the hearts of our sisters. In the training of their children, the planning of home pleasures, and the varied aspects of woman's life, any thoughtful observer can see less of self than in the life of man.

A thoroughly selfish person, man or woman, is the most unsightly object in creation. Everything in the universe rebukes the man who lives wholly for himself. The sun which shines for others—the fruit which ripens for others—the bird which sings for others—the flower which breathes forth fragrance for others—the fountain which casts forth its sweet water for others—all say to man, Forget your own self; live not for yourself, but for others. It is remarkable how, in our English language, words which mean happiness contain in themselves the idea of going out of yourselves. It is so with *transport*, which is a compound of two Latin words, meaning to be carried out of yourself: and it is so with *easacy*, which comes from a Greek verb, meaning to be lifted above yourself.

One's ownself is scarcely ever a happy man. Constantly on the look-out for what will please or pain self, there is, of course, more of dissatisfaction and unrest than in any other life. One's own self is easily hurt, because every slight to self is noted down at once. One's ownself is very sensitive indeed, because constant contemplation concerning self has made

every sort of feeling register itself in the mind. One's own self is always anxious. Will this comfort? Will this pain self? Will this preserve self? Will this shorten the history of self?—so self has to be studied, and watched, and pitied, and patted, and nursed, and indulged, and guarded, and comforted, till the evil, like the upas-tree, spreads forth its boughs everywhere, and the man becomes wretched as a worshipper of self.

How pleasant it is to turn in thought to One who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. How blessed to learn of him! to "consider one another," to "bear one another's burthens, and so fulfil the law of Christ"—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction—to be "patient towards all men"—to forgive our enemies—and never to indulge those foul passions of envy, hatred, and malice, which are so often awakened in the proud heart of self. Yes; we can all rest our eye on One whose meat and drink it was to do his Father's will—One who came to seek and to save that which was lost—One who took on him the form of a servant, though heaven was his throne and earth his footstool—One who laid down his life for us, even while we were yet enemies—One who bore the scourging, the mocking, the buffeting of men—who gave his back to the smiters, and his face to the scorers—One who endured the cross, despising the shame, that we might have pardon, happiness, and heaven. Above that life, in his temptations and trials, solitudes and sufferings, is written, "For their sakes I sanctify myself;" and above the cross wherein he made atonement for the sins of the world is written, in letters of light, "For even Christ pleased not himself."

HASSAN.

 LITTING past in wintry weather,
Lo, a poor Lascar in tears!
His swart eyebrows pinched together,
Pendants shivering in his ears.

Weeping for his lost equator,
For the sun as there it shone,
That bright eye whence the Creator
Glowed upon the torrid zone.

In my fancy I could hear him
'Neath our Arctic skies bewail
Heavens he once believed so near him,
Now so distant and so pale!

Paltry wares oppressed his shoulder,
Flimsy rags about him flew;
Nothing than his garb looked colder—
Nothing warmer than his hue.

Was it Vishnu thrust thee hither,
For some worship left unpaid,
That thy tawny flesh might wither
'Neath our hyperborean shade?

Back! poor pedlar, tramp, or juggler!—
Back to thine own orient sphere;
God ne'er meant thee for a struggler
With our wretched winters here.

Due art thou unto the Ganges,
To the palms and plains of Ind;—
To the hills whose sunny ranges
Reach from Arracan to Scinde.

Home! to dream amidst thy roses—
Home! to bask beneath thy sky!
Heaven itself the path discloses:
Did not *Eden* eastward lie?

D. P. STARKEY.



Drawn by T. MORTEN.

[Engraved by J. COOPER.

"Flitting past in wintry weather,
Lo, a poor Lascar in tears!"—p. 248.

ENDS.

"But to him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound, no wind can be favourable; neither can he who has not yet determined at what mark he is to shoot, direct his arrows aright."

R. LEIGHTON.

THERE are few persons who can look back with perfect satisfaction to any one period of their life. We have all, probably, had our temporary triumphs; and, at some moment or other, have all experienced the pleasant feeling that in one aim, at least, we have been successful. But are there any who have ever found it in their power to say that they have at last gained all they wished, that their fondest desire has found its accomplishment, and that now they may cease their labours, and strive no longer? There is always a something beyond, some further point (though what, or where, we may not be able to tell) that must be reached before we can cheer ourselves with the knowledge that everything has been done. And even the very attainment of our purposes can hardly help giving rise to other feelings than those of unmixed pleasure. There is something melancholy in the reflection that the labour which we have spent in achieving our object will be needed no more; the result we have, but the means which accomplished it seem to have disappeared. It has been remarked by a modern writer that "No one, who is worth anything, can look back to the scene of his labours—it may be his sufferings—without experiencing some sense of regret;" and just as we often find the author's mind loth to take leave of the labours which it has completed, so most persons at the accomplishment of their task, in the midst of all their satisfaction, meet with something closely akin to sadness. If, in the course of its performance, they have had their fears, they have been gladdened by their hopes, and their light has been the more joyous by its contrast with the shade. But now success itself is followed by a reaction, and proves to be not all they thought it would. They regretfully review each portion of their finished work, and each is endeared to them by some old memory: here, they almost despaired, and there, their despair changed to hope.

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught."

When one obstacle has been overcome, another suddenly presents itself; we gain the height of one summit only to find that we must climb still higher. And then there are moments when the heart seems ready to faint within, and sadly to murmur, "Where, then, is the end of all this work?" The doctrine which teaches the sanctity

of labour, for its own sake, is, at times, impotent to help us, and its very nobleness turns to ashes in our mouth.

This is nothing new, nothing peculiar to our own days of restless toil. The very same question presented itself to the mind of one of the greatest of Greek philosophers, 2,000 years ago. "There must be some one end," he says, "to which all other ends are means; else should we go on to infinity. Our desires must be capable of receiving their accomplishment; for Nature has implanted in the mind of man no desire in vain." Thus Aristotle makes it the one object of his treatise to discover what this great end, this *summum bonum*, is. That it is happiness, cannot be doubted. But what is happiness? The satisfaction of the highest part of our nature, whatever that may be.

We may apply the same conclusion, *mutatis mutandis*, to our own times. With the old Greek the highest part of human nature was the intellect; and if this was satisfied and developed in its highest perfection, all was gained. But a religion, so to speak, of intellect, will not meet the exigencies of mankind. Something more final than this is needed. Indeed, intellectual triumphs bear with them, even on the surface, evidence of their insufficiency. The conception of the great end of the labour of life must be something which is better able to attract the sympathies and affections of humanity; and of having such an end all must feel the necessity. There must be periods in the life of every one, whose lot it is to labour, when, as each successive work is in turn performed, and yet the end not gained, the mind will ask itself why it should ever thus be restless. The ambition of the boy is but the prelude to the labours of the man. Contentment and absolute satisfaction are never reached. After great exertions we find delight in rest; but the cessation from toil comes to us, not because we have gained all, but because, for the time being, we can toil no longer; and our pleasure is that of supplying a natural desire for rest, and not of having accomplished the purpose of our life. When we are refreshed we must be up and doing again. It is good for us to feel this necessity; it is even good that we should know this painful restlessness, if only it teaches us the right lesson. And it may affect us in two very different ways. Unless we are conscious of the existence of some main duty to be performed in life, and unless there is present to us some guiding principle of conduct, we may be driven to despair of, and rail at, our destiny, till the mind falls into a state which the gospel proclaiming the dignity and divinity of mere labour, will not and cannot cure. Almost all need something more comforting than this, upon which to

fall back. If, on the other hand, we can but assure ourselves that there is some one final end to which all other ends are means, and that this end is capable of being reached by each one of us, while we live only for its attainment, then we shall find good cheer to help us on our way. As one task after another is executed, we shall know that we are one step nearer the goal. If we are wise we shall suffer nothing to hide this goal from our sight, and we shall not easily be dispirited.

But one thing is needed. This end which we propose to ourselves must be something that of its own nature is final; there must be nothing beyond. Christianity alone tells us what this is—"the mark of our high calling." And if all our labours are performed in the spirit of humble hopefulness, there will be no despondency, and, no doubt, we shall be able to endure even to the end, for we shall

have the knowledge that each day brings us nearer to it. Unless there be this inducement to struggle bravely, there can be no permanent help. Ambition may aid us for awhile; morality, of itself, may keep some from grosser sins; but Christianity alone can inspire us with affection and warmth. To all men, however widely differing in nature or opinions, moments must come when the insignificance and unsatisfactoriness of all worldly ends strike them with peculiar force. They seem like archers shooting in the dark. Taking, then, even the lowest view possible, of what profit would it be to them to have some mark? Were it present, their darts would fly no longer without effect, and their horizon would be cleared of all perplexity and doubt. All have felt this want; the old heathen philosopher, the sceptic, and the Christian. One only knows how to supply it.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

FAITH AND WORK.



WEE little root! All alone in the cold damp earth. How lonely it felt, and how dark and cheerless everything was. Can you fancy it?

Pressed in on every side by the earth, no light anywhere to be seen, and no companions but the ugly, ill-natured worms, of whom the little root was dreadfully afraid. It had been in the earth a long time, and it could not help wondering if it was to stay there always, it was so dreary. Who could have been so cruel as to put it there? And the little root began to feel very indignant with somebody, and to pity itself very much: a bad sign, for when people pity themselves, they are pretty sure to be in bad humour. If ever you feel inclined to pity yourselves, little boys and girls, and to think yourselves very ill-used, just try to think of the poor children who have no homes or friends, who are often beaten and starved, and then your pity will turn to them, which will be very much better for you. Well, this little root did not remain long in this bad temper, it soon shook it off, and began to think more sensibly.

"I must have been put here for something," it thought to itself, "else no one would have taken the trouble to place me here; and they couldn't have meant me any harm, for, though it is very uncomfortable, I am quite safe. I will not be ill-tempered any more, but believe that it is all for the best, and try to be contented and happy."

This was wise and right of the little root; but as the time passed on, and yet nothing changed, it began to grow discontented again, until suddenly

a bright idea came across it: "Suppose that good somebody meant me to work for myself?" Was it not a good thought? But what was the way to work? Ah! that was the puzzle; but where there's a will there's a way, and so the little root found it; and so would little children, too, if they only try it.

The very first worm that came near her she spoke to very humbly, and asked—

"Where do you go, and what do you do, when you go away from here?"

"I go up to the light, to be sure," said the old worm, rather gruffly.

Light! that was what she wanted—the little root felt it in a moment; and she asked again, timidly—

"But how do you get to the light? How do you know which way to go?"

"What senseless questions!" angrily returned the old worm. "Why, I just bore my way straight up, and always come to the light in time."

The little root did not dare to ask any more questions, but she had heard enough. Light! she felt that was what she wanted, and she would try to reach it. So, in firm confidence in the goodness of those who had placed her there, the little root began her work. Slowly, very slowly, she got on; it was hard work pushing her way up in the dark; but she kept on, in spite of the dark doubts which sometimes would come.

Slowly and steadily always come out safe in the end, and so it was with this little root; for after long work, one day she pierced the last bit of earth, and the broad light of day fell on her little head. Oh, how happy she was! All the long hard work was forgotten now that she had reached the light.

"I was right," thought the little root. "I was

placed there for some good. Oh, how wrong I was to doubt it at all!"

Not yet, however, was her work ended, for she still grew, although now it was not work, but pleasure. Still growing, still cheerful, until at last a bright, beautiful crocus gladdened the hearts of all around. For some time she stood there, the glad harbinger of the coming spring; and when at last she faded and drooped, she was not sad: other flowers were there to supply her place; and for her own future, could she not trust Him who had already taken such care of her?

"Whatever happens to me now," said the little crocus, "I am happy, for I have lived, and, I hope, been of some use."

So the crocus drooped and died. This little root knew nothing of who had placed her in the earth, and even did not know in what way to work, and yet see how nobly she lived and worked. And, little children, you who know who made you, and in what way to please Him, what excuse have you? Light, knowledge—everything this little crocus wanted you have, and kind friends to help you along the way. Will not you, too, try to grow steadily up towards perfection, not to droop and die like the crocus when you reach the flower, but to be taken from earth to heaven, there to bloom for ever and ever?

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.—No. 3.

"Tatnai."—Ezra v. 3—17.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. T ekos | Amos i. 1. |
| 2. A tad..... | Gen. i. 11. |
| 3. T irhakah | 2 Kings xix. 9. |
| 4. N iodemus | John iii. 2. |
| 5. A rchippus | Philem. 2. |
| 6. I chabod | 1 Sam. iv. 19—22. |

THE DOORWAY CLEARERS.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.

DERE they come with shovel and broom—
"Sweep the snow, ma'am, from your door?"

From the damp preserve your room,
Dry and tidy keep your floor.

"Jack will take his shovel, and scrape
All the hard and beaten snow;
Jack is cold and wants a cape:
He can earn it only so."

"With my broom I'll after him sweep,
Till the stones all nicely show.
I've a sister I must keep:
I can keep her only so."

Clean away, my good little men!
Scrape away, my honest Jack!
May I see you once again,
With a cape upon your back.

Take your broom and follow him, lad;
What, are both your parents dead?
Sister hungry? that is bad!
Take her this nice piece of bread.

Now, well done, my good little men!
Take these pennies and divide:
Would that all were like you! then,
Prisons would not be supplied.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WRECKERS.

"The hearth, the hearth is desolate,
The fire is quenched and gone,
That into happy childhood's eyes
Once brightly laughing shone."

MRS. HEMANS.

AT that moment the home he had left, with all its considerate kindness, rose before Norman; and yet, such was the native obstinacy in his character, that to go back to them destitute, or to let them know his state, was worse than hunger or nakedness—worse, he even thought, than death itself. Still, a sense of contrition before God was in his soul. For the first time in his life he realised his dependence on a higher Power. Hitherto his religious duties had been carefully taught him, but they were mere daily exercises: decorous and

right to practise, they had no vital meaning. Now, lonely and distressed, with people he could not comprehend, and fearless as his nature was, whom he regarded with dread, he began to say to himself, "If God forsake me, I am lost."

The taunt about eating the bread of these people set him to work more diligently. He was amazed at the distress he constantly heard of and wrote about. Mrs. Fitzwalter told him that she had employed her time, while she had means to bestow, in relieving the sick poor, and now had to state their case to others; and, though he felt that her manners were affected, yet he was content to do her bidding, and regretted that, as she was so charitable, his instinctive dislike increased daily.

Meanwhile, though the furniture and arrangement of the house were as miserable and muddled as ever, the food, particularly at breakfast and supper, was

abundant. Long after he had gone to rest in his garret, he heard voices down-stairs carousing. The Major in particular seemed to enjoy himself; and the red nose and watery eyes were more conspicuous than ever.

It certainly did occur to Norman that they might release his clothes from pawn; but the remembrance of the rebuff he had once received kept him day after day from asking them; and he was fast becoming a mere writing-machine, and sinking into a deep melancholy. He noticed it was rare for Mrs. Fitzwalter and the Major to leave the house together. She went out during the day, as she said, on her benevolent errands and other business; he made the evenings his time of departure. What he did during the day besides smoke, Norman could not discover. In a room under the youth's garret he lounged about, sending up the fumes of his unceasing pipe. If the parlour had become purified since Mrs. Fitzwalter's residence, Norman did not know it; for it was understood that the attic and a room on the stairs was his territory, and that in his disreputable costume he was not to be seen in other parts of the house.

It happened that at dusk one evening, Mrs. Fitzwalter not having returned, the Major sauntered out, saying, as he went, "Your mistress won't be long, Susan." And, sure enough, soon after, there came a loud knock at the door; and a voice, nearly as loud, made the house resound with the words—

"Is Widow Fitzwalter's sick son to be seen, eh?"

"Why," thought Norman, "who is Widow Fitzwalter's sick son?"

It was a coarse voice that asked for "Widow Fitzwalter's sick son;" and Norman, who could not help hearing the whole of the colloquy, thinking Susan spoke as if she felt frightened, stepped out, and looking over the banisters, he saw a servant in livery depositing a basket in the passage, and preparing in all haste to leave, saying, as he did so—

"This young Fitzwalter's desperate bad, aint he?"

"Oh, disp'rte," repeated Susan, catching at the word.

"And you aint much better, I should think. What a little bag o' bones! There, let me out;" and the man was gone.

"Susan," cried Norman from the landing-place, "come here."

The girl hustled up-stairs, and he continued—

"Who is Mrs. Fitzwalter's sick son?"

The girl stared a moment, then began opening and shutting her eyelids very fast, and nodding her head with a cunning look.

"Who is he, I say?"

"Lauk, now! don't ye know?"

"She has no sick son here—where is he? Have you been telling lies?"

The girl, with a grin, said, "I tells what they tells me: I just should catch it, else."

"You couldn't be told of any sick son."

"Couldn't I, though! Why, don't you twig? you're the missus's sick son. What a sucking duck you must be not to a nosed that out afore. But don't split on me. Now, pray don't, till I gets another place. I've

my hie on run—I only hope I may get it, I'll soon give 'em the go-by."

What it was that Susan's eloquence fully implied, could not be elicited at that time, for there was the sound of a latch-key in the street door, and Mrs. Fitzwalter stepped into the passage just as the girl, swinging herself from the stairs over the banister into the little back passage, seemed to have come from the kitchen.

"What's this?" said Mrs. Fitzwalter, seeing the basket.

"A gent in liv'ry left it, 'm, for your sick s—"'

She was stopped from finishing her sentence by a hand being laid on her mouth. The word "Stupid" burst from Mrs. Fitzwalter's lips.

Meanwhile Norman had retreated to his attic, to ponder over what he had heard. Had Mrs. Fitzwalter come to him that evening, he would have frankly asked her what it all meant, but she did not do so. She contented herself with calling out, at the foot of the stairs—

"Mr. Norman, I'm so dreadfully fatigued, and so depressed with all the accumulated misfortune I have this day witnessed, that I wish you would send me down the writing you have done. Here, Susan, quick, fetch the letters."

The girl rushed up-stairs, took the letters, putting her finger on her lip to impose silence and caution, and was down again without a word. The youth felt certain that some deception was being practised in which he was mixed up, and he resolved that he would not, if he could help it, be the passive instrument in it. His spirits instantly rallied. He would himself go down and demand an explanation. Another flying excursion of Susan's brought her, with a jug of tea and a plate of bread and butter, to his room. He asked in an undertone in which room he should find her mistress; but the girl would not speak except by a dumb show of clasped hands, imploring him not to betray her, which he so far understood, that he looked at her with so open and honest a look, that a far less acute physiognomist than Susan would know that she was safe in confiding in him.

An hour afterwards, having arranged his parti-coloured rags as well as he could, Norman went softly down-stairs. The house was so still that he could hear Susan's wheezy breathing in the kitchen. He listened, expecting to hear also the scratch of Mrs. Fitzwalter's pen making those rough drafts of letters which he had daily to copy, but all was still. The door of the room off the passage was not quite closed, and as he drew near it he could see the interior through the chink. Mrs. Fitzwalter was sitting in a low easy chair with her back to him. The table was loaded with good things—a cold chicken, the remains of some boiled ham, jars of preserves, and plates of tea-cakes, all in that condition which plain-speaking housewives expressively call "higgledy piggledy;" while at the lady's right hand was that big book, laid open, which Norman so well remembered carrying on the night of the fire.

"Could she be intent on reading her Bible? Had he dared to think her some impostor, and she really was a philanthropist? Was not that smaller book, near

the other, her Prayer-book?"—these were the momentary misgivings of his mind, as he stepped lightly into the room, went half round the table, and presented himself to the absorbed reader. No, she was not now reading. She had fallen asleep over the open page and the plate of good things that flanked it. Her long, yellow face, wedge-shaped forehead, and thin lips, slightly awry, looked repulsive, as the slackened muscles gave their real expression of craft and subtlety.

Norman was so struck with the anomaly between the face and the occupation in which she had been engaged, that he could not forbear looking over the page. There was no other reading there but columns of names. It was the "London Directory" that he had mistaken for a Bible; and the supposed Prayer-book by the side was the "Court Guide."

The boy did not know how near the truth he had been, as regarded many people, when he called these a Bible and a Prayer-book! On the table, half finished, was a column of directions in Mrs. Fitzwalter's most hasty scrawl, which he knew he should have to copy on the envelopes of letters. And on the floor at his feet he picked up an open note; it had 107A, Grosvenor Place, at the heading; he laid it down and read no farther, but he felt persuaded that it had been sent with the basket that evening. Something of the truth dawned on his mind. He did not know, as a certainty, that he was the scribe in a begging-letter writing establishment, simply because he was wholly ignorant of what a trade is often driven in that department of fraud—but he felt sure that Mrs. Fitzwalter practised deception and lying. Had she not allowed him to think that that big book was a Bible? As a straw thrown up shows how the wind blows, this slight deception told him the kind of people he was with. He hesitated to wake the sleeper, and was preparing to leave as quietly as he entered, when, with a sudden start, she opened her eyes, and gazed blankly at him, murmuring—

"What, back so soon, Major! She's shy, that old screw, Lady Pentreal; she's sent no money—only—"

Then her head drooped forward on the book, and she was asleep again; as she well might be, seeing that her tea that night had a very strong resemblance to what a seaman would call "a stiff glass of grog."

Norman left the room, and returned to his attic. Had he possessed the most tattered garb that could be called a suit of clothes, not another hour would he have stayed; but in the wretched masquerade he was compelled to wear, he was to all intents a prisoner.

On the Major's return there was a quarrel, that sounded like a coarse, tipsy riot, in which each one of the delectable couple vied in low ceremony and violence. Drink had destroyed caution, and Norman learned—what he had within the last few hours begun to suspect—that they were in reality husband and wife; that the man's Christian name was Major; but whether they were both Fitzwalter or Sutcliffe, or neither, was, of course, doubtful. One thing now was paramount in Norman's mind—how to escape.

The next day he had no opportunity of seeing either of his employers. A message that she was ill came from the mistress; and, as he expected, the rough draft of a

circular letter, from a poor deaf and dumb woman whose goods had been seized for rent, was sent him to make twenty copies of. Whether or no these circulars were sent in the envelopes he directed he did not know, as it was the custom for him to address dozens of covers; and Mrs. Fitzwalter, he concluded, put the letters in.

That day Norman's meals were so coarse and scanty, that he was famishing when night came. This was part of Major Sutcliffe's plan for bringing down his spirit; and just as, cold and hungry, the youth was getting into bed, his door was opened, and the grisly ruffian, his eyes blinking, came in, saying—

"Now, Norman What's-your-name, we can't go on maintaining you. Mrs. Fitzwalter's loss at that fire has ruined her, that's what it has; and that's bad enough, without an encumbrance like you sponging upon her. You must write that letter about your distress, or tell us who and what you are. It's my belief you've robbed your employers. How'd you like me to call the police? A pretty figure you'd look, don't you think, eh? Wouldn't your pride have a come down if you went before the beak (magistrate) in the things I've given you? Eh? no sulks! What do you say for yourself?"

"I thought, sir, that my writing was enough to pay for my food?"

"Your writing! Why, I can get whatever I want done—aye, and beautifully done, mind you—at three-halfpence a folio; that's the price, the best price, my fine don. Your writing, indeed!"

Now the word folio quite mystified poor Norman; he did not know that seventy words were a folio; he thought of pages rather than words, and was aghast.

"If writing is so badly paid, I could do something else, if—if—" He looked at the tattered dressing-gown that lay on the chair beside him, and down helplessly at the rest of his garb.

"If!" taunted the man: "ah, there's a mighty deal in *if*. You'd be a fine gentleman, if you could, no doubt, or anything else, if—"

"I'd not be a sneaking liar!" shouted Norman, stung into violence, and starting up as he spoke. But at that instant a heavy blow was dealt him, that felled him to the ground.

"What, you rascal! You show fight, do you?" cried the ruffian.

In an instant the youth jumped up, and, without a moment's consideration, rushed at his assailant's throat, hanging on by his neckcloth, and twisting his lithe limbs round him; there was a moment or two when the man seemed suffocating, and reeled heavily against the door, which burst open, and the two fell out on to the landing-place. Then all the demon was roused in each; they rolled over and over, until the man, getting uppermost, and having disengaged his neck, with one effort hurled his young antagonist down-stairs.

It was a murderous fling, and Norman lay stunned and bleeding at the foot of the stairs. Before he regained sufficient consciousness to call for help, Mrs. Fitzwalter had come, and the first sound he heard as his senses returned was her voice saying, "Whist! don't be a fool, Major; we don't want the police on us. Whist! you've given him a lesson."

"I'll have his life before I've done with him!" snarled the man, with a growl like a wild beast.

"There, there, you're better now," she said, raising Norman. "You foolish fellow! whatever made you think of attacking the Major? how could you think he'd stand it?"

"Turn me out, Mrs. Fitzwalter. Let me get out of that door. I'd rather die in a ditch than stay here. Let me out, I say!"

Norman rose as he spoke, but he was hurt, though no bones were broken, and, staggering with weakness, helped by Mrs. Fitzwalter, he crawled up to his lair, as wretched and desolate a creature as any that laid down in London that night.

It was days before the stiffness from his bruises ceased; and the misery of his mind must have driven him into a fever, but that Susan managed to give him a word of hope.

"I'm going," she whispered, "and when I get away, won't I tell; that's all, won't I!"

But better than any speaking to others was the service she rendered him about the sixth evening after the scene of violence recorded. He was sitting doggedly at his desk, playing with his pen rather than writing. He revolted from the tissue of lies that he now knew he was expected to copy. He was debating whether he had not better get out and go to the police-station—that hint of Mrs. Fitzwalter's about bringing the police on them, had not been lost on him. There was, just then, a creeping noise outside, and Susan, with her shoes in her hand, came in, and said, nodding and blinking energetically—

"I've found 'em!"

"Found what?"

"Your clothes."

Had it been a gold mine that she told him of it could not at the moment have been so welcome.

"They hid 'em. They're stuffed into the sofa pillow."

"What, in the front room?"

She nodded and was gone; but a moment after she put in her head and said—

"Good-bye, I'm a gwyne to cut."

"Susan, I hope you'll get with honest people, and do well."

"Can't be no wurser nor—" She pointed with her finger down the stairs, and, with a knowing little nod, was gone.

Of course, the lad had no scruple about resuming the possession of his own clothes. How anxiously for hours he listened until all was still. He heard the street door close after Susan, and he waited until that hour in the morning which, of all the twenty-four, was the stillest; and then he crept down into the parlour. He had no candle, but it was clear moonlight, and through two round holes in the window-shutter the pale light streamed in like a gleam from two great ghostly eyes. All sorts of litter impeded him. As to being able to wait there to take off his present garb and put on his own, that was not to be thought of. He groped about until, under a pile of old papers, he got hold of the sofa pillow. To thrust his hand through a rent that had been pinned over, and feel the collar of his jacket, was

the work of an instant. The reassurance which that touch gave him was so exciting that he forgot to be cautious. No sooner did he get hold of the pillow than he backed against the table and upset it. In a delirium of terror he rushed into the passage, just as he heard a call from above, of—"Major, get up; there's a noise below!" How fortunate it was that little Susan's flight had left the street-door on the latch. He was out before his pursuer could have left his room. He crossed the street, plunged down a narrow passage, and never ceased running among the neighbouring streets until he emerged on to a piece of waste ground, and was brought to a standstill by stumbling heavily against an empty cart that was reared there and padlocked to a post. Not a creature was in sight; he had put some space, as well as a labyrinth of houses, between himself and any pursuer, and, as he now paused and took breath, no better dressing-room, in his condition, could be found than in the shelter of the cart. It was curious, in his penniless and friendless condition, that he should feel a sensation of great gladness; yet so it was, that when he once more equipped himself in decent attire, all his other troubles seemed for a moment surmounted.

Triumphant feelings, however intense for the moment, are not likely to be lasting in the bleak dreariness of a wintry morning, with the accompaniment of empty pockets and a craving appetite. Norman's well-stored memory of the wonders that friendless youths had achieved, failed to comfort him. Indeed, he comprehended now what in his previous reading he had overlooked—that only results are told, and all the bitter details of the struggle passed over, or lightly noted. "Yet they did battle through," he said to himself; and feeling that it would not do to linger there, he left his parti-coloured rags, as a sort of cast skin, rolled in a bundle in the cart, and set off, whistling to keep his courage up. Foolish fellow to waste his breath in the chill morning air. He was quite ignorant of the locality, but half an hour's brisk walking brought him to a bridge. He was about to walk over when he was stopped by the demand for a toll—a demand, we know, he could not satisfy. He turned away, and still pursued his course westward. After going over a good stretch of ground, among small rows of houses and nursery gardens, and patches of waste land that skirted a large enclosure, he came out on a high road, and meeting a market cart, he asked his way to Pimlico.

"Go over the bridge half a mile down the road," said the driver, indicating the way with his whip. Away went Norman, and came to Battersea Bridge, where, to his intense chagrin, he was again stopped for the want of a halfpenny, and learned that he must retrace more than the way he had come before he could get across the river. Moreover, he called to mind that his ignorance of the locality in Lambeth was so great, that he might, on his return, come upon the place and people he had left. No, he dared not go back. The light of the little toll-house fell on his young anxious face, pale from recent illness, and sharpened by hunger.

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOAT."

(FOURTH LIST.

S.	G.	d.	S.	d.	S.	d.	S.	d.	S.	d.	S.	d.
Acknowledged in Previous Number.	235	9	S. G., Tunbridge	5	5	d.	Wm. Oliver, Breswood	5	5	d.	C. Tadpole, Lee	1
Mrs. Thorpe, Petersfield.	3	9	Chas. Albrington, Baddeley	0	4	5	M. M. Staplehurst	0	1	5	Elizabeth Baxter, Fenge	1
Mrs. G. B. Patchett, Bramley Thomas Morris, Rotherham. From a Woman, and three of his Friends, Manchester.	3	3	Bessie M., Holiness	0	4	5	Thos. Hodge, Southport	0	1	5	Timothy Wellwisher, Ginnick	1
E. E. Doderidge, Old Ford. L. A. Shepherd's Bush. E. A. Clarke, Southampton. Maggie Dickens. H. W. Sampson, Southampton. J. D. Simpson, Wigton Magna. E. H. Shaw, Fulham Road. M. Matthews, Bedford. Wm. Carter, Stockport. Mrs. H. H. and Mrs. Boles. Louis M. Collins, Atherton. Hannah Corrie, Cockermouth. Betty Driver, Bradford. Mark Longden, Bristol. E. R. Midwinter Norton. Miss Jones, Southampton. W. A. Tanbury. E. K. Nottingham. Miss Emma Bent, Hyde. T. L. Dundee. T. D. Denyer, Liverpool. Miss F. Mitchell, Rye. Samuel Lane, Enfield Court. F. P. Devon. Alexander Baxter, Gateshead. Mary Beale, Clapham Road. John Black, Chelmsford. E. S. Steppen. Robt. C. Percy, Lancaster. S. M. Melbourn, Derbyshire. E. J. C. Marjoleine. S. A. Bashford, Clapham. H. Croydon. Mrs. A. Englehardt, Penzion-ville. G. St. John, London. J. H. Highgate Hill. Indoor Workmen at Charing-ton Head, & co's Brewery, Mile End, per J. S. E. Allessi, Loughborough Road. Arthur Standing Leigh. Mrs. Harbidge, Anerley. Miss Howard, Camberley Rd. G. F. Mangan Lamberti. Bunbury, Cheshire, Sturry (3rd collection). Miles' Boy. A. Friend, Brixton. S. N. Alford. A. Friend, Boston. D. Friend, Aylsham. Miss B. Reeds, near Dudley. Jno. Baker, Bookbridge. L. E. D. Long Acre. J. F. Walhamsmith, Cirencester. H. D. Roberts, Jun., Finsbury Market. Miss Charlotte Jayton, Lin-colnshire. Annie Grunby & Folly James, Abergavenny. Margaretha Cooper, Witham Foid. Harry and Julia Parker, Sandbach. J. Shield, Feltham. Mrs. Langston, Maidenhead. Geo. Slater, Clayton West. Jno. Wm. Daniels' Butterme (2nd collection). Alfred Gossling. Sarah M. Elliott, Hartlepool. W. R. Cooper, Chelsea. E. Pain, Christchurch. E. F. P. Buchan. M. E. Harrison, Dronfield. M. S. Sykes, New Cross. Geo. Ed. Foad, Whitsable. Miss Truman, Rugby. L. H. Fox, Plym. W. Upton. Mrs. Winterbottom, Lower Crumplin. Alfred Gosling, Royston. The Star, Jersey Edge, by Gateshead. T. Jones, Ormskirk. M. A. M. a visitor in Taunton. Mary Barnard, Compton. Sarah Ann West, Fort Ten-nessee. E. A. Stainman, Ivington. Chas. Samuel Cogit, Darby. E. H. Hawkes, near Rudy.	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
S. G., Tunbridge	5	5	Chas. Albrington, Baddeley	0	4	5	Wm. Oliver, Breswood	5	5	5	C. Tadpole, Lee	1
Bessie M., Holiness	0	4	Bessie M., Holiness	0	4	5	M. M. Staplehurst	0	1	5	Elizabeth Baxter, Fenge	1
A. Constant Reader and ad-mirer of The Quiver.	0	2	Alf. T. Mann, Gd. Yarmouth	0	5	5	Thos. Hodge, Southport	0	1	5	Timothy Wellwisher, Ginnick	1
Sarah Ann Saxby.	0	2	Mary Anne, Bexley.	0	3	5	Thos. S. Green, Andover Hill	0	1	5	Mrs. G. Height, Donny.	1
W. M. Plumated.	0	1	Archibald Mackillop, Alias.	0	4	5	Hugh Young, Daniel.	0	1	5	J. A. Lurcome, Chard.	1
O. 1	1	1	Archibald Mackillop, Alias.	0	4	5	Humanity in a Workshop, Paisley.	0	3	5	Henry Stevens, Sherborne.	1
1	1	1	Alf. T. Mann, Gd. Yarmouth	0	5	5	S. Ballingham, Whitecross St.	0	1	5	L. N. Y.	1
1	1	1	Mary Anne, Bexley.	0	3	5	A. L. C. B. B.	0	1	5	Mrs. S. Knight, Moordale.	1
1	1	1	H. Williams, Alcester.	0	3	5	Boys of the British Empire.	0	1	5	Collected by H. F. Ayman.	1
1	1	1	A. W. Glazow.	0	3	5	Brixham, per Hy. Harris.	0	1	5	and H. F. Marshall, per M. E. Hobson.	1
1	1	1	From the Pupils of the Cran-mond Parish School.	0	6	5	Mrs. Fownes, Birmingham.	0	1	5	Ed. Friend, Worcester.	1
1	1	1	E. J. Coles, Brighton.	0	4	5	Faith Brook, Leeds.	0	1	5	Major General Armatage.	1
1	1	1	John H. Hall, Birmingham.	0	4	5	A. R. Home Guards.	0	1	5	Annie E. Tracy, Cornwall.	1
1	1	1	Ellen Wellington, Hackney Road.	0	5	5	H. Preese, Birmingham.	0	1	5	George Kennedy, Philio.	1
1	1	1	Collected among friends and fellow work people at ...	0	5	5	Jno. D. Hall, Kendal.	0	1	5	J. Southwell, Coleshill.	1
1	1	1	Mrs. Upfill, Morton & Co., Birkenhead, per J. V. Rose.	0	5	5	G. V. Radford, Burton-on-Trent.	0	2	5	M. M. Kelvedon.	1
1	1	1	Wm. G. Clever, and Alfred Clements.	0	6	5	A. Wild's Mite, Cleckheaton.	0	1	5	H. D. D. Coventry.	1
1	1	1	Mrs. R. Little, Hackney Road.	0	5	5	A. W. Leamhead.	0	1	5	Robert Lowe.	1
1	1	1	Alfred L. Walker, Sheerness.	0	5	5	Mrs. Munday, Reading.	0	1	5	G. W. W. Gambierwell.	1
1	1	1	Harriet Elizabeth Coleman.	0	5	5	R. Turnbull, Bishop Auckland.	0	1	5	The Ducket Chronicle.	1
1	1	1	Leicester.	0	5	5	L. G. & Francis, Glasgow.	0	1	5	James Rice, Hackney.	1
1	1	1	J. N. Old Kent Road.	0	5	5	E. C. Clarke, Welling.	0	1	5	E. J. Poole, Stoke Newington.	1
1	1	1	A. T. Pimlico.	0	4	5	Harriet Gilbert, Aldby.	0	1	5	Andie E. Orington.	1
1	1	1	Per Miss L. Mollan, Dundalk.	0	5	5	S. George, Forest Hill.	0	1	5	E. J. Holt, Redditch.	1
1	1	1	Mrs. Powle, London Square.	0	5	5	E. E. Hillman, Forest Hill.	0	1	5	Green.	1
1	1	1	S. H. Colman Green.	0	7	5	F. H. Yealmington, Devon.	0	1	5	A Constant Subcriber to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.	1
1	1	1	Benjamin Jackson, Blailey.	0	10	5	Jno. Pullis, Jun., Ponsonby Terrace, S. W.	0	1	5	Miss Elizabeth Birkin, Herham.	1
1	1	1	Maggie Hunter, Dumfries.	0	10	5	Mr. Thos. Whitelli, Swanscombe.	0	1	5	Jon. Fox, Newfield.	1
1	1	1	Miss K. Chambers, Oxford.	0	10	5	W. Dickens, Jun., Eccles.	0	1	5	Lucy, Islington.	1
1	1	1	S. E. Windsor, Oswestry.	0	3	5	O. G. & Son, Croydon.	0	1	5	J. A. Hollings, Birmingham.	1
1	1	1	W. E. Woodhouse, Westgate.	0	11	5	The Misses S. E. & M. K. Menton, Leicester.	0	1	5	Caroline Hodges, Fulham.	1
1	1	1	Super-Mare.	0	11	5	S. C. G. Simpson, Bradford.	0	1	5	A. C. Battersea.	1
1	1	1	Mrs. Handal, Crookham.	0	1	5	Mr. W. Simcock, Croydon.	0	1	5	Andie A. Anderson, Blackheath.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Harris, Leicester.	0	3	5	Miss J. F. Hilton, Tordiswell.	0	1	5	S. Bride's Working Men's Club, Poplar's C. E.	1
1	1	1	Miss E. Whitaker, Wapping.	0	9	5	E. Johnson, Hamstaston.	0	1	5	Subscribed by the Officers, the Whitechapel Industrial School, Forest Lane, Essex.	1
1	1	1	Miss E. Whitaker, Wapping.	0	1	5	T. R. Robson, Jun., & R. Morrison, Jun., Redcar.	0	1	5	From a Friend in Exeter, per Mrs. Green, Preston.	1
1	1	1	Miss F. Bent, East Lothian.	0	1	5	Mary F. Bent, East Lothian.	0	1	5	Lord Milner, M.P.	1
1	1	1	Wm. Piercy, Featherstone Building, Holborn.	0	1	5	A. B. London.	0	1	5	John H. B. Edinburgh.	1
1	1	1	Wright Arnold, Arnold.	0	1	5	Wright Arnold, Arnold.	0	1	5	D. Clark.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Baker, Southgate Rd.	0	1	5	Ann Hutchings, Southgate Rd.	0	1	5	E. F. B. Wimber.	1
1	1	1	Anchor, Chelmsford.	0	1	5	E. G. B. Hackney Road.	0	1	5	A. E. Ellis, Heminghall.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	E. J. Freemantle, Southgate.	0	1	5	K. Pennington.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	E. J. Freemantle, Southgate.	0	1	5	H. H. B. Edinburgh.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	E. J. Freemantle, Southgate.	0	1	5	D. Clark.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	John H. B. Edinburgh.	0	1	5	Ann Hutchings, Southgate Rd.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	Ella Hill, Bricketts.	0	1	5	Ella Hill, Bricketts.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	From the Boys and Girls of the School, Cirencester, per E. Parrish.	0	1	5	M. B. Brown, Oxon.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	W. J. Badgertok.	0	1	5	K. T. Leeser, Glasgow.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	W. H. Baker, Sutton.	0	1	5	W. H. Baker, Sutton.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	M. A. P. Wotton-under-Edge.	0	1	5	John Cottell, Runstaple.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	S. D. M. West, Cowes.	0	1	5	David McIlroy, Aberdeen.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	S. B. Fal Maitland.	0	1	5	J. Glover, Ramsey.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	J. Charles Aston, Bridgnorth.	0	1	5	M. T. Blackburn.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	Charles Cheal, Religate.	0	1	5	R. Reid, Bide.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	Ella Jones, Worcester.	0	1	5	M. A. G. Gurney.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	E. P. Southgate, Smithdown.	0	1	5	Peter Perrin, Wigton.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	Emily Handley, Aretion.	0	1	5	R. Charlton, Norwich.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	Mrs. Ing. Hereford.	0	1	5	E. H. Edgerton.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	John Blackie, Tooting (1st collection).	0	1	5	Eunice Hinn, Tenterden.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	J. John, Plumstead.	0	1	5	Wm. Laughlin, Glasgow.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	Lizzie C. Dafford.	0	1	5	Jenny Warlow, Taisor.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	E. H. Dowling, Wincanton.	0	1	5	Aguie Biddle, Alton.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	Harriet Moody, Suffolk.	0	1	5	Mia Churchill, London.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	G. B. Lane, Cheltenham.	0	1	5	Kate, Putney.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	W. H. Lee, Finsbury.	0	1	5	R. & M. E. Edgington.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	G. H. Martin, Yarmouth.	0	1	5	J. Martin, Yarmouth.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	E. N. Plumbated.	0	2	5	G. H. Hackett, Market Rasen.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	Caroline Abbott, Upper Stamford Street.	0	1	5	Hawthorn, Scarborough.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	Miss E. Sheldene, Barton.	0	1	5	J. Darby, Dunstable.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	R. E. Edinburgh.	0	1	5	J. Tag, Kingston, Greenw.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	A. Gosling, Royton.	0	1	5	John Tag, Kingston, Greenw.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	E. Boyce, Birmingham.	0	1	5	Mr. W. Waugh, Forest Hill.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	G. C. Preston, Bullock.	0	1	5	Mr. W. Waugh, Forest Hill.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	C. W. Prestwich.	0	1	5	Minnie Hutton, Northampton.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	E. N. Plumbated.	0	1	5	Thos. Simmon, Plumstead.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	Mrs. Julia Clark, Farnham.	0	1	5	Miss Julia Clark, Farnham.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	A. E. H. E. Longfellow.	0	1	5	A. E. H. E. Longfellow.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	H. G. E. Sittings, Carterton.	0	1	5	G. H. Sittings, Carterton.	1
1	1	1	W. H. Benturi, Embsworth.	0	1	5	Thos. Porter, Caistor.	0	1	5	Arthur Read, Captain of tug True Briton, Korthorne (6th Collection)	1

Total ~~passage~~ 341 2 0